

P O E M S,

BY THE

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NOW FIRST COLLECTED IN ONE VOLUME,

REVISED AND IMPROVED BY THE AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Poems, which were long since separately published in Quarto, are now presented together, and in a more correct form to the Public. The first was inserted in some miscellaneous collections, not only without the Author's knowledge, but without the improvements of the second Dublin Edition: And it is to the many errors with which it appears in them—particularly in BELL's Fugitive Poetry, that the present Edition is to be principally ascribed. The entire having been for some Years past out of Print, a few introductory remarks on the subject matter of each, may not be unnecessary on this occasion, and may serve as a general Preface to the whole.

The exercise of shooting, which the ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN describes, is, it must be acknowledged, neither a new, nor, if abstractedly considered, an interesting subject: But, its attendant circumstances, and the scenes of Nature, which it opens to our view, are not only capable of giving it variety, but of exciting useful and entertaining reflections. This end the Author had particularly in view, and he is happy to find that, in the opinion of the candid and critical, he has not been unsuccessful.* As to the propriety of the exercise itself, he is aware of the objection, that has been frequently made to *it*, as well as to others of a similar nature—an objection, which, being founded on the feelings of humanity, it would ill become him, from many considerations, to oppose: He, therefore, declines vindicating, however willing he may be to palliate the amusements of the field: To the rigid, in this respect, let it be sufficient to reply—"His life is pure that wears no fouler stains."

* For a character of *this* Poem, and, also, of the INJURED ISLANDERS formerly published in London, see the CRITICAL and MONTHLY REVIEWS for July and September 1773, and for March and June 1779.

The INJURED ISLANDERS, the second in this collection, whatever may be its defects in other respects, is not liable to the same objection: The materials of it are taken from the late Voyages to the Southern Ocean: The design of these Voyages, and the success that has attended them, are now generally known: What effects they are likely to produce on the lives and manners of the natives, we may easily collect from the accounts that have been already given us on this subject. "It were sincerely to
" be wished," says Mr. FORSTER, (Voyages, V. I. P. 247. Dub. Ed.) "that the intercourse which has lately
" subsisted between Europeans and the Natives of the
" South-Sea-Islands, may be broken off in time, before
" the corruption of manners, which unhappily charac-
" terizes civilized regions, may reach that innocent race
" of men, who live here fortunate in their ignorance
" and simplicity: But it is a melancholy truth, that the
" dictates of Philanthropy do not harmonize with the
" political Systems of Europe."

Accordingly we find, that, whatever advantages either the spirit of enterprize, or commercial and scientific in-

terests may derive from the discoveries that have been made in that distant Hemisphere, the innocent natives have been sufferers by the event: The imaginary value annexed to European Toys and Manufactures, and the ravages of a particular disorder, have already injured their morals and their peace: Even the instruments of Iron, which so much facilitate the ordinary operations of industry, have been used as weapons of destruction, or perverted to the purposes of ambition and revenge. The truth of this observation appears from the use, which the head of a sequestered Family, at DUSKY BAY in NEW ZEALAND, intended to make of the Axes he received (Fors. V. 1. P. 142)—from the magnitude and destination of the Fleet of O'TAHEITE, assembled at OPAREE in April 1774, about seven years after the discovery of the Island by Captain WALLIS, (ib. V. 2. P. 51-5)—and also from the commotions excited by TOOTAHAN, who had been Sovereign of it, when Capt. COOK first arrived there in 1769: One of these, which was occasioned by an abuse of the presents he had received, (ib. P. 80.) deprived him, in the end, of his kingdom and his life: And a similar Revolution, a little before this, had stripped OBEREA of the wealth and power, which so eminently

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nently distinguished her at Captain WALLIS's arrival: She was then Queen of O'TAHEITE, and treated him with peculiar generosity and regard. A remembrance of their mutual affection—a sense of her subsequent misfortunes—and a patriotic feeling for the fate of her country, are the basis of the Poem.

Before I conclude what relates to this head, it may not be improper to remark, that the natives of O'TAHEITE, whose singular customs and manners are occasionally described, have been considered by some, who have only read Doctor Hawkesworth's compilation, as fitter subjects for ridicule than panegyric; but whoever peruses the memoirs given of them by the latest Voyagers will find, that the more these hospitable and happy Islanders are known, the more pleasing they appear: He will also find, that the irregular gratification of their passions, which has been regarded as the most exceptionable part of their Character, was greatly exaggerated, if not transmitted through a false medium to our view: It must, notwithstanding, be allowed, that in *this*, as in every other Country, there is a diversity of prospects, which
may

may afford the Wit, as well as the Buffoon, an opportunity of taking an unfavourable survey, and of sporting with the defects of unassisted Nature. Entitled to the same liberty, I have chosen what, I am persuaded, every advocate for humanity would choose, to look through a different Perspective, which has presented me with several objects, in the lives and circumstances of these Fellow-Citizens of the World, that, even, European grandeur might envy or admire: It is not, however, my intention to hazard, farther than what is consistent with the propriety of my plan, any invidious comparison between the happiness of natural and civilized Society, which might lead me into a deviation from local images and that precision and perspicuity, which, in a descriptive Poem of this nature, I think necessary, and have endeavoured to preserve.

The *Imitation* of the Eleventh Satire of JUVENAL comes next under consideration; the original, tho' one of the least known, is one of the most interesting, and, in an *æconomical* point of view, the most useful of all the Author's Productions: The unbounded luxury and voluptuousness

tuoufness of his cotemporaries he contrasts with the temperate, yet manly virtues of their ancestors—occasionally exposing the absurdity of those, who, though *knowing* in other matters, are ignorant of themselves, and of what intimately concerns them. The excellent precepts which he gives us on this head, are introductory to an entertainment prepared for his friend PERSIUS, and of which he sends him a Bill of Fare. The occasion it seems was no ordinary one; it was the grand Festival of the MEGALESIAN Games, in which the contending Parties were distinguished by different colours, and as much the object of popular admiration and applause, as our VOLUNTEER, or YEOMANRY Corps are on the 4th of November. The similitude of circumstances suggested the Title * prefixed to the first Edition of the IMITATION, as also the liberty, which the author of it has taken in another respect—viz: of substituting old IRISH Hospitality and manners for corresponding examples in the original: Hence it became necessary to give a few extracts from IRISH History, and to annex them at the end as explanatory remarks.

* The FOURTH of NOVEMBER; or a BILL of FARE.

The **REVIVAL**, an ODE for St. **PATRICK'S-DAY**, which is the last in this collection, was written in the same year with the former, (1780) and at the time, when the fame of the **VOLUNTEERS of IRELAND** had attained to the height of its celebrity—a circumstance, which, it is hoped, will not render it less acceptable at the present period, when the same Patriotic spirit has arisen on a much more interesting and alarming occasion.

These particulars the Author thinks it not unnecessary to mention, as an apology for his resuming a once favourite subject—a subject, which, in whatever light it may appear to others, in this age of scientific and political investigation, cannot be indifferent to him whose attention it had often engaged in the earlier periods of his life, and of which, even the present retrospect, like a friendly visit to a long neglected acquaintance, affords a temporary relaxation from severer studies, while it gives him an opportunity of collecting his Fugitive Performances, and of introducing them with more advantage to the notice of the Public.

THE
ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN,
OR
A WINTER'S DAY.

— *Studio fallente laborem.*

THE feather'd Game that haunt the hoary plains,
When ice-bound Winter hangs in crystal chains,
The mimick thunder of the deep-mouth'd Gun,
By Lightning usher'd, and by Death out-run,
The Spaniel springing on the new-fall'n prey,
The friend attendant, and the spirits gay ;
These are the scenes which lur'd my earliest days,
And scenes like these continue still to please.

B

Of

2 THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

Oft, when I've seen the new-fledg'd Morn arise,
 And spread its pinions to the Polar Skies, 10
 Th' expanded air with gelid fragrance fan,
 Brace the slack nerves, and animate the man ;
 Swift from the College, and from Cares I flew,
 (For studious Cares solicit something new,)
 From tinkling bells, that wake the truant's fears,
 And letter'd trophies of three thousand years ;
 Thro' length'ning streets with sanguine hopes I glide,
 The fatal Tube depending at my side ;
 No busy vender dins with clam'rous call,
 No rattling Carriage drives me to the wall ; 20
 The close-compacted Shops, their commerce laid,
 In silence frown, like mansions of the Dead—
 Save, where the footy-shrowded wretch cries "*sweep,*"
 Or drowsy Watchman stalks in broken sleep,
 'Scap'd from the hot-brain'd youth of midnight fame,
 Whose mirth is mischief, and whose glory shame—
 Save, that from yonder Stew the batter'd Beau,
 With tott'ring steps comes reeling to and fro—
 Mark, how the live-long revels of the night
 Stare in his face, and stupify his sight ! 30

Mark

THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

3

Mark the loose frame, yet impotently bold,
'Twixt Man and Beast, divided empire hold!—
Amphibious wretch! the Prey of passion's tide!
The wreck of Riot! and the mock of pride!

But we, my Friend, with aims far different borne,
Seek the fair fields, and court the blushing Morn;
With sturdy sinews, brush the frozen snow,
While crimson colours on our faces glow,
Since life is short, prolong it while we can,
And vindicate the ways of Health to Man, 40

To yonder vales, that spread beneath the hills,
Where the clear DODDER winds with murm'ring rills,
Onward our course diversify'd we bend,
And right and left, with anxious care attend;
The poring Spaniel, studious as he goes,
Scents ev'ry leaf that on the margin grows,
Sudden he stops!—he eyes the plashy spring!
The frightened Snipe darts upward on the wing,—
With shrill-ton'd pipe implores the passive air,
In vain! for Death e'en persecutes him there— 50

4 THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

Another springs ; but happier in his flight,
'Scapes the loud Gun, and vanishes from fight.

The sport begun, and bright'ning to our view,
We charge, prepar'd its pleasures to pursue ;
Lo ! at our side the gay transparent gleam
Of frozen lake, that skirts the purling stream—
Its splendid form by Nature's hand display'd,
Its margin rich with pendent gems array'd,
Its inlaid figures, and mosaic wrought,
All catch the eye, and raise the wond'ring thought, 60
Till lively *Ranger* chides our long delay,
Gambols around, then forward springs away.

Heav'n ! what delights my active mind renew,
When out-spread Nature opens to my view !
The carpet-cover'd Earth of spangled white,
The vaulted Sky, just ting'd with purple light ;
The busy Blackbird hops from spray to spray,
The Gull, self-balanc'd, floats his liquid way ;
The morning breeze in milder air retires,
And rising rapture all my bosom fires, 70

In

THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

5

In incense wafted to the throne on high,
To HIM who form'd the Earth—the Air—the Sky,
Who gives me, health and vigour to enjoy,
Guides me e'en now, and guarded when a Boy—
Accept, great GOD ! the fervour of my pray'r,
And, as before, continue still thy care,
Oft as I view thee, in Creation's drefs,
Be mine to praise thee, as 'tis thine to blefs.

While fervid flights my lifted Fancy takes,
The wary Wood-cock rustles thro' the brakes, 80
With hasty pinions wings his rapid course,
'Till Death pursues him, arm'd with double force ;
Each Gun discharg'd, and conscious of its aim,
Asserts the prize, and holds the dubious claim,
'Till Chance decides the long contested spoil,
Proclaims the Victor and rewards his toil.

His luckless fate, immediate to repair,
The baffled Sportsman beats with forward care,
Each bush explores, that plats the Hedge with pride,
Brooks at its feet, and brambles at its side— 90

Another

6 THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

Another Bird, just flushing at the sound,
Scarce tops the fence, then tumbles to the ground.

Ah ! what avails him now the varnish'd Die,
The Tortoise-colour'd Back, the brilliant Eye,
The pointed Bill that steer'd his vent'rous way
From Northern Climes, and dar'd the boist'rous Sea ;
To milder shores, in vain these Pinions sped,
Their beauty blasted, and their vigour fled.

Thus the poor Peasant, struggling with distress,
Whom rig'rous Laws, and rigid Hunger press,
In Western Regions seeks a milder state,
Braves the broad Ocean, and resigns to Fate ;
Scarce well arriv'd, and lab'ring to procure
Life's free subsistence, and retreats secure,
Sudden ! he sees the roving INDIAN nigh,
Fate in his hand, and Ruin in his eye—
Scar'd at the sight, he runs—he bounds—he flies,
Till Arrow-pierc'd, he falls—he faints—he dies.
Unhappy Man ! who no extreme could shun,
By Tyrants banish'd, and by Chance undone ;

In

THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN;

In vain ! fair Virtue fann'd the free-born flame,
Now fall'n alike to fortune and to fame !

But why, my Muse ! when livelier themes I sought,
Why change the rural scenes to sober thought ?
Why rouse the patriot ardour in my breast ?
Useless it glows, when FREEDOM droops deprest ;
Not mine to combat Lux'ry's lordly stride,
My humble lot forbids th' aspiring pride,
Forbids to stop Depopulation's hand, ~
That crushes industry, and frights the Land, ~ 120
That robs the Poor of half their little store,
And insurrection spreads from shore to shore.

These to prevent, be still the Statesman's end,
And this the task of Sov'reigns to attend ;
Be mine the care, to range this spacious plain,
Try what its Thickets, and its Springs contain,
Pursue the Game that to the skies aspire,
And purge the Æther with successive fire,
Spring o'er the Fence, that bar's my active mind,
And rouse my Friend, that ling'ring stays behind, 130

Guard

THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

Guard the steep Bank, to catch with eager pains,
The forward bound, that scarce the margin gains;
Or loudly laugh, when diligently nice,
He backward falls, and breaks the crackling Ice.

Oh Friendship! name for ever lov'd, ador'd,
Thou richest gift which Heav'n for man has stor'd!
To me more dear, tho' Mirth may have its jest,
Than all the hoards, and honours of the East;
When e'er thro' Life's more arduous paths I bend,
Be there to guide, and aid me to my end; 140
Or, when the sports of rural scenes I try,
With converse sweet, each interval supply,
In all extremes of business or of ease,
Be *there* to comfort, and be *here* to please.

And thou, dear Spaniel! Friend in other Form!
Prompt be thy care, and to my wishes warm!
Whose fond Affection ever glows the same,
Lives in each look, and vibrates thro' thy frame;
And thou, dear Pointer! never devious stray,
But search the plains, inquisitively gay, 150

With

THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

9

With length'ned side, and sapient nose, inhale
 The floating vapour of the scented gale—
 Oft have I seen thee, when the balanc'd Year,
 By LIBRA weigh'd, rewarded CERES' Care,
 Thro' new-shorn fields with active vigour bound,
 Snuff the fresh air, and traverse all the ground;
 Or cautious tread, and step by step, survey,
 With keenest attitude, the tim'rous prey;
 Then, Statue-like, with lifted foot, proclaim
 The Partridge near, and certify the Game— 160
 Where e'er I range, whatever sports pursue,
 Be still attendant, and be still in view.

Nor thou, Reflection! soothing Power! disdain
 These vacant moments of the sportive Plain;
 When with its cares the busy World retires,
 Its tasteless follies, and its vain desires,
 Improv'd by Thee, let Nature's beauties rise,
 Expand my heart, and brighten in my eyes,
 Or, Fancy-dress'd, in livelier colours glow,
 Glide in soft strains, and gladden as they flow, 170

C

While

TO THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

While the pleas'd MUSES, with auspicious Smile,
Breathe past'ral Music, and the time beguile.

Now had the Sun, in Noontide robes array'd
Of fleecy clouds, the subject world survey'd ;
Onward we move, to gain the mountain's side,
That east and west extends, in solemn pride,
With lofty head that breathes the gelid gale,
Brow-beats the City, and o'erlooks the Vale ;
Adown its face the trickling Riv'lets run,
Spread at its feet, and bathe them in the Sun ; 180
These to disclose, we trace the rugged soil,
And many a shot repays the pleasing toil ;
'Till tir'd, at length, with new-discover'd game,
We mark the course reserv'd for future fame.

As when the SPANIARDS, with unceasing pains,
Thro' CHILI rov'd to CHARCAS' barren plains,
Approach'd POTOSI's arduous height, that boasts
The richest treasures of the Southern coasts ;
The latent veins they labour to explore
Of pregnant Mines, that teem with sparkling ore, 190
With

THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN. 11

With rising rapture spring them into Day,
And crown'd with conquest, plan their future sway.

The Day advanc'd, and waning to the West,
Demands a thought for respite, and for rest,
Back to the city calls a sudden eye,
Where vary'd beauties all in prospect lie ;
The pointed Steeples menacing the Skies,
The splendid Domes, that emulously rise,
The lowly Hamlets scatter'd here and there,
That scarcely swell to breathe refreshing air ; 200
The hedge-row'd Hills, and intermingled Vales,
The distant Villas fann'd by floating Gales ;
And Eastward still, along the Bay serene,
Attendant Commerce crowns the solemn scene.

These to behold may please the vacant mind, &
More pleasing far the Cottage of the Hind,
That yonder smokes, by russet Hawthorn hedg'd,
By hay-yard back'd, and side long cow-house edg'd :
Oft have I there my thirst and toil allay'd,
Approach'd as now, and dar'd the dog that bay'd ; 210

32 THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

The smiling Matron joys to see her Guests,
 Sweeps the broad hearth, and hears our free requests,
 Repels her little Brood, that throng too nigh,
 The homely board prepares—the napkin dry,
 The new-made butter—rasher's ready fare,
 The new-laid egg, that's dress'd with nicest care ;
 The milky Store, for cream collected first,
 Crowns the clean noggin and allays our thirst ;
 While crackling Faggots, bright'ning as they burn,
 Shew the neat cup-board, and the cleanly churn— 220
 The modest Maiden rises from her wheel,
 Who, unperceiv'd, a silent look would steal ;
 Call'd she attends, assists with artless grace,
 The Bloom of Nature flushing on her face,
 That scorns the die, which pallid pride can lend,
 And all the Arts which Luxury attend.

With fuel laden from the brambly rock,
 Lo ! forward comes the Father of his flock,
 Of honest front :—salutes with rustic gait,
 Remarks our fare, and boasts his former state, 230

When

THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

13

When many a cow, nor long the time remov'd,
 And many a calf his spacious pasture rov'd,
 'Till rising Rents reduc'd him now to three,
 Abridg'd his Farm, and fix'd him as we see;
 Yet thanks his God, what fails him in his wealth
 He seeks from labour, and he gains from health:
 Then talks of sport; how many Wild-ducks seen!
 What Flocks of Widgeon, too, had fledg'd the green!
 'Till ev'ry 'Prentice dar'd the city shun,
 Range the wide field, and lift the level gun.

240

While thus amus'd, and gladden'd with our lot,
 The hasty Ev'ning calls us from the Cot;
 A small gratuity dilates their heart,
 And many a blessing follows as we part.
 Nor, you, ye Proud! their humble state disdain,
 Their state is Nature's, hospitable, plain,
 Transmitted pure from Patriarchal times,
 Unfram'd, unfashion'd to Corruption's Climes—
 To you unknown their sweets from Toil's release—
 To you unknown their Innocence and Peace—

250

Secure

14 THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

Secure from Danger, as remov'd from Fame,
Their Lives calm Current flows without a name.

With limbs refresh'd, with lively tales and gay,
We homeward haste, and guile the tedious way ;
Each object view, in wintry drefs around,
And eye the Dogs, that wanton o'er the ground ;
The pensive Red-breast on the leafless bough,
And, just beneath, the fragrance-breathing cow,
While still more grateful, with her cleanly pail,
The ruddy Milkmaid hears a tender tale 260
From the lov'd Swain, who swells th' alternate sigh,
Leans on his staff, and lures her side-long eye,
With artless guise, his passion to impart,
With looks that speak the language of his Heart—
Her's was the sweetness of the milk she prefs'd,
And *his* the candour which his vows profess'd,
A DAPHNE *she*, with rural grace attir'd,
A DAMON *he*, with faithful love inspir'd—)
Thrice happy Pair ! whom guiltless joys adorn,
Pure as the Eve, and constant as the Morn ; 270

No

THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN. 15

No Pride-born Cares to frustrate, or control
Your mutual vows responsive to the soul,
'Till sacred HYMEN binds the nuptial band,
And blends your lives, a blessing to the land.

Hence Contemplation lifts th' internal eye,
Fix'd on the love of PROVIDENCE on high,
That, still impartial, thro' the world extends
In bounteous blessings, vary'd to their ends;
From BRITISH verdure to SIBERIA's snow,
Adapted Sweets in ev'ry climate grow, 280
The rude TONGUSIAN, quiver'd for the chace, \\\
Feels joys unknown to PERSIA's splendid Race,
Thro' wilds immense pursues the savage Brood,
At once his Pride, his Raiment, and his Food,
No difference proves, but what from fancy springs,
'Twixt tented TARTARS, and empalac'd Kings—
But soon the visionary scene withdraws,
And active Sports solicit new applause.—
Lo! yonder come—yet distant to the eye,
The vagrant PLOVER wafted thro' the sky;— 290

Swift

16 THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

Swift to the hedge, on diff'rent sides we run,
That skirt the copse, and hide the deadly gun;
Onward they move regardless of their state,
A single Guide conducts them to their fate—
The sudden Thunder bursts upon their head—
The foremost fall and all the rest are fled.

Thus, where its forests NIAGARA spreads,
And wild OSWEGO all its horror sheds,
The Sons of BRITAIN march'd in vent'rous pride,
No foe to front them, and no caution guide, 300
'Till ev'ry tree with hidden rage conspires,
And ev'ry shrub emits destructive fires—
What could they do? or where the vengeance fly?
They wheel—they drop—and all or run or die;
The Gun, relentless, no compassion shows,
And no respect of diff'rent objects knows;
Alike regardless, when its fury's stir'd,
Of man or brute—a BRADDOCK or a Bird,—

But, while I thus its dire effects attend, ~
'Tis Man alone must answer for the end; 310
The

The Gun, like riches, claims no genuine use,
 But, just as rul'd, will good or bad produce,
 Whether it rolls the raging tide of war,
 Or only frights the Tenants of the Air,
 For empire levell'd, or, for health caress'd,
 The motive, not the mean is curs'd or blest.

Now had the Twilight, veil'd in gloomy gray,
 Mourn'd the departure of retiring Day,
 A darker hue the face of Nature wears,
 And scarce distinct the distant Town appears— 320
 Back to our mind, in swift succession, throng
 (To cheat the time, and steal the road along,
 The various sports of all the summer past,
 When ling'ring, long-Vacation came at last;
 Imagination fondly sports to tell,
 How many Grouse! how many Partridge fell!
 And quick transports me, gladden'd as I go,
 Where the proud GAULTIES lift their awful brow,
 Oft did I there with lively spirits run,
 Mount on their back to meet the rising Sun, 330

D

While

18 THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

When, toiling, panting, labour-spent and flow,
 I stopp'd to breathe :—And view'd the plains below,
 And thee, dear village ! (1) loveliest of the clime !
 Fain would I name thee, but I can't in rhyme, (2)
 Where first my years in youthful pleasures past,
 And where, in age, I hope to die at last ;
 Fain would I dwell upon thy native charms,
 Thy verdant hills, and cultivated farms—
 But sudden rous'd, I see the Pointers *wind*,
 My brother-sportsman pressing close behind, 340
 The grumbling Heath-cock feels an instant wound,
 Adown he falls, and *whirrs* against the ground :
 Again, methinks, I see the Service spread,
 The cold provisions on the cakes of bread, (3)
 The mountain stream, of babbling accents, nigh,
 My couch the heath, my canopy the sky,
 ÆNEAS-like, I eagerly devour
 The plates themselves (4)—the quarter'd cakes of flour,
 Like him arise, new conquests to pursue,
 Then end my toil, and tell of all I knew. 350

So

So, at the close of toilsome, hardy life,
 The vet'ran Soldier brags of glorious strife,
 What dangers past, what cities he had seen,
 What battles fought, when thousands strew'd the green,
 'Till fancy-warm'd, he seems to fight them o'er,
 And, tir'd at last, he braves and boasts no more.

At length arriv'd, where DUBLIN's boasted square (5)
 Rears its high domes, yet, spreads a healthful air,
 O'er the wide view my willing eyes I cast,
 And fill remembrance with its pleasures past, 360
 Its shady walks, that lure the Noontide gale,
 And sweeter breath of Love's enraptur'd tale ;
 Its sparkling Belles, that, arm'd in beauty's pride,
 Wound as they pass, and triumph on each side ;
 But now no more these glories gild the Green—
 Chill night descends, and desolates the scene.

The rising Moon, with delegated sway,
 Supplies the radiance of the distant Day,
 Smiles on our path, directs our wary feet
 'Thro' all the busy tumults of the street— 370
 D 2 With

20 THE ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

With head-long pace, *here*, vagrant *Hawkers* scour,
 And *bloody News* from lungs horrific pour,
There, dull, discordant Ballad-Notes annoy,
 That mock the crowd, with love's fantastick joy ;
 The cumb'rous coach, the blazon'd chariot shows
 Where lazy pride, or lordly state repose ;
 While, close behind, and heedless of her way,
 We see the friendless, shiv'ring female stray :
 She, once, the darling of her mother's arms,
 Her father's pride, and blest with blooming charms, 380
 Thro' all the village known for spotless fame,
 Fair was her beauty, fairer still her name ;
 'Till the sly Tempter urg'd insidious suit,
 And lur'd her weakness to forbidden fruit,
 There perish'd grace, her guardian honour fled,
 And sad remembrance mourns each blessing—dead !
 Expell'd the Paradise of native sway,
 She wanders now to ev'ry vice a prey——
 A prey to yonder terror of the Night,
 (Avert, ye Gods ! such monsters from my sight,) 390
 The Bully dire ! whose front the furies swell,
 And scars dishonest mark the son of Hell——

In

In vain ! she shrinks to shun his luckless pace,
Aw'd by the terrors of his vengeful face ;
To scenes TARTAREAN, see ! the wretches hie,
Where, drench'd in vice, they rave—or rot—or die,

Heav'n ! how unlike the pure, the tranquil plain,
Where rural mirth, and rural manners reign ;
Where simple cheer disclaims the cares of wealth,
And fresh'ning gales diffuse the glow of health ; 400
Where, undisturb'd, unenvy'd, unconfin'd,
Calm reason rules each movement of the mind ;
Where mock'd ambition seeks her last retreat,
And proves the world, a bubble or a cheat.

As op'ning streets with brighter aspect smile,
Lo ! ALMA MATER rears her rev'rend Pile,
Unfolds the portals of her awful Square,
Where Arts and Science own her fost'ring care ;
Struck with the scene that boasts ELIZA's fame,
We pause, and praise the consecrated name, 410
The hallow'd ground, with softer footsteps, tread,
Where BERKLEY reason'd, and where USHER read,
Where

Where, born to combat an untoward age,
 Indignant SWIFT explor'd the classic page——
 Hail ! happy Shade !—with griefs that once were thine,
 IERNE bends beneath thy patriot shrine ;
 In times like these, when gath'ring woes impend,
 She mourns her Dean, her Draper, and her Friend,
 Her exil'd commerce, half-deserted land,
 Her harp unstrung, and manacled her hand, 429
 While her pale Artists, ev'ry comfort fled,
 Droop in her streets, and die—for want of bread.

Thus past the day, and paid the pious tear
 To worth deas'd—to virtues ever dear,
 Each fond Reflection, rising in our breast,
 At length subsides, and yields to soothing rest ;
 Pleas'd we behold the bright'ning fuel blaze,
 And hot repast, that challenges our praise,
 While keenest appetites a zest bestow,
 Which listless luxury can never know : 439
 The cloth remov'd, with blessing for our fare,
 We, next, the Bowl's convivial juice prepare,

Or,

Or, the rich Grape's nectareous bev'rage pour,
To raise the heart, and cheer the social hour,
When toil declining claims refreshment's smiles,
And mirthful innocence the time beguiles.

With conscious joy, our nets we then review,
And all the conquests of the day renew,
Boast of our skill, and palliate where it fails,
For, ev'n in trifles, human pride prevails—
Nor to ourselves the feather'd spoils confine,
But range them round for Friendship's sacred shrine;
The rural bliss redoubles in our breast,
In pleasing others, when ourselves are blest;
Nor, you, my Friends! disdain what we adore,
We give with pleasure, and would give you more,
Our off'ring take, and, as we wish, survey
The grateful produce of a WINTER'S DAY.

440

F I N I S.

THE CADEBICK SPORTSMAN

OF THE CADEBICK SPORTSMAN

TO THE CADEBICK SPORTSMAN

BY THE CADEBICK SPORTSMAN

AND THE CADEBICK SPORTSMAN

OF THE CADEBICK SPORTSMAN

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AND THE CADEBICK SPORTSMAN

THE
INJURED ISLANDERS,
OR THE
INFLUENCE OF ART
UPON THE
HAPPINESS OF NATURE:
A POETICAL EPISTLE FROM
OBEREA OF OTAHEITE
TO
CAPTAIN WALLIS.

INJURED ISLANDERS

IN THE COURT OF

THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE

OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

IN THE MATTER OF

THE
INJURED ISLANDERS, &c.

*Quod Sol atque Imbres dederant, quod Terra creârat
sponte suâ, satis id placabat Pectora Donum.*

REMOV'D from pow'r, from all its pomp retir'd,
And far from Thee, whom most my soul admir'd,
No more I shine, to emulate the day,
Rob'd in the lustre of Imperial sway;
No suppliant crowds attend my sov'reign will,
Anxious to hear, and ardent to fulfil;

No flatt'ring scenes my festive hours prolong,
Where mirth convivial cheers the circling throng;
Each splendid round of high-born state resign'd,
I try the humbler comforts of the mind; 10
The task unpractis'd growing cares control,
And fond remembrance ravages my soul;
In vain I seek the solace of the shade,
Where the green Turtle flutters thro' the glade;
Or up the steep, with straining steps, I roam,
Where the pure stream precipitates in foam,
Where dew-dropp'd shrubs breathe fragrance as I stray,
That lures the breeze, which bears their sweets away:
There as I sit, above the level plain,
Sooth'd by responsive murmurs from the main, 20
And round expatiate o'er each vary'd hue
Of once lov'd landscapes, op'ning to my view,
Still, from each sense their transient beauties fly,
Or feebly strike, and in a moment die,
Still, in my breast I miss my wonted ease,
Nor time restores it, nor can pleasure please.

From

THE INJURED ISLANDERS:

29

From Thee, whose pow'r astonish'd Isles behold,
O'er waves triumphant, and in terrors bold,
Whose fearless eye, where burning suns have shone,
Search'd the wide waste, and mark'd out worlds un-
known,

30

From Thee, bright offspring of the distant skies!
These new-born cares, illustrious WALLIS! rise;
Contemn'd for Thee, where e'er my footsteps stray,
The charms of Nature idly tempt my way,
Unheeded blooms their fragrant odours shed,
Untasted sweets, in mantling clusters, spread;
Nor fruits my taste, nor flow'rs attract my eye,
The Jambu's richness, nor Gardenia's die,
To Thee alone, on fancy's rapid wing,
My soul—my sense—my waisted wishes spring;
In every change my restless passions find,
Thy haſt'ning image follows cloſe behind,
Presents each art, attendant in thy train,
To ſcatter commerce o'er the boundleſs main,
Rude nature reſcue from it's rough diſguiſe,
And grant each good that ſocial manners prize:—
Thy partial favour to this iſle profeſs'd—
Thy grateful preſents to the heart addreſs'd—

Thy

Thy fervent vows, in friendship's guise array'd,
 While more than friendship ev'ry vow convey'd— 50
 These all recurring, constant as the day,
 Reign in my breast, resistless in their sway,
 Usurp the scenes my free-born pleasures knew,
 Nor leave a wish unleagu'd with Love and You.

Late, as along the verdure-vested lawn,
 My morning steps approach'd the blushing dawn,
 Far from the beach, and pendent from the sky,
 A distant vessel caught my longing eye,
 The purple streamers, wave by wave, appear,
 And Love still whispers, lo! thy WALLIS near; 60
 Oh joyful hope!—to greet Thee I prepare,
 And bind the Tomou (1) round my fragrant hair,
 With grateful gifts of vegetable store,
 I haste impatient to the crowded shore—
 In vain I haste,—no WALLIS meets me there—
 No friend—no fondness, to reward my care,
 Bereft of pow'r, and destitute of train,
 My humble off'rings (2), scarce, acceptance gain,

THE INJURED ISLANDERS.

31

To richer chiefs, who rule Taheitee's land,
The British treasures pass from hand to hand, 70
The crimson plumes, (3) the beads of brightest die,
The mirrors faithful to the gazer's eye,
The precious gifts, whose boasted aid we feel,
Of pointed iron, and of polish'd steel—
Boast tho' we may, to judge them by the past,
These gifts may prove our fatal foes at last;
By piercing steel tho' proudest forests fall,
And take new forms, at man's imperial call,
By steel, too, man his fellow man annoys,
It tempts as plunder, and as death destroys, 80
The dang'rous wealth exotic wants inspires,
Where equal Nature levell'd all desires,
And, social freedom sapp'd by envious strife,
We risk, at once, our morals and our life.

Curs'd the desire for wealth like this, that made
A rival Chief (4) my royal realms invade!
The lifted Ax— ah! WALLIS, shall I tell?
On all our friends with dreadful havock fell;

An

An instant flight thy OBRA scarce could save,
 Where the stern mountain (5) frowns upon the wave, 90
 Where cloud-girt rocks their cheerless bosoms bare—
 The Wretch's last sad refuge from despair:
 There, to conceal me from the furious foe,
 I sunk depress'd in solitary woe;
 As some tall Palm-tree, sov'reign of the plain,
 That tops the grove, and glads th'admiring swain,
 If sudden shook, by Autumn's angry storm,
 Shrinks from the blast, to hide its humbled form,
 Stripp'd of it's fruit, it's foliage, and it's pride,
 It naked stands, and droops on ev'ry side; 100
 So helpless OBRA, in a luckless hour,
 Yield's to her fate, divested of her pow'r,
 Her only trust in TANE's (6) wise decree,
 In hope, in love, in justice and in Thee.

Nor here alone Commotion's hostile hand,
 With rage and rapine, wastes a trembling land,
 'Gainst other shores what fatal projects rise!
 What fleets (7) tremendous fill my wond'ring eyes!

Already

Already launch'd, I see their awful form
 Mount the high waves, and dare the threat'ning storm, 110
 See their fell purpose, freedom to o'erwhelm,
 Pride at the prow, presumption at the helm—
 See subject isles, late objects of our care,
 Mark'd out for plunder, servitude, despair,—
 Invading pow'r Imperial rights define—
 Asserted liberty these rights decline—
 Discord and war, in dread confusion, rise,
 With widows' wailings, and with orphans' cries—
 The ravag'd plains to desolation giv'n,
 And ev'ry crime that calls the wrath of Heav'n : 120
 Ah ! what a change from all that charm'd before,
 When kindred love connected ev'ry shore,
 When mutual int'rest, spreading unconfin'd,
 Parental care and filial duty join'd—
 Such were the bands that held our happy state,
 Ere lux'ry taught ambition to be great—
 Ere lust of pow'r to deeds oppressive led—
 Ere Europe's crimes with Europe's commerce spread ;
 Do these, alas ! thy country's danger speak ?
 Corruption sap it, and contention break ? 130

Or dares proud trade, if meant for all mankind,
 Here, only here, the dearest ties unbind ?
 In stinted regions pour it's blessings round ?
 In climes luxuriant ev'ry bliss confound ?
 As draughts, which there the languid frame sustain,
 Too pow'rful here, intoxicate the brain,
 Till giddy reason, sick'ning and unsound,
 To madness turns, and spreads a ruin round.

O Thou, in whom my heart still seeks repose,
 Hasten to prevent, or mitigate our woes.— 140
 O WALLIS, hasten, and, emulous of praise,
 Our drooping spirits to their level raise,
 Till native joys, the mists of error past,
 Again return, and brighten to the last.

Canst thou forget ? can mem'ry e'er betray
 The last sad hour I urg'd your longer stay ?
 The masts were rear'd, with arms extended wide,
 To scourge the storm, and awe th'insurgent tide,
 While, fondly flutt'ring to the fav'rite gale,
 Rose the fair bosom of the swelling sail ;

150

Back

Back to the beach, desponding still, and slow,
I vainly turn'd to shun the coming woe,
No shark-tooth' wounds, (8) in grief's affected name,
But heart-sprung sorrows flooded all my frame,
Till my faint soul, in silent anguish, fell,
Rose but in sighs, and feebly breath'd—farewell!
Touch'd with my grief, and friendly to my fears,
Midst the broad deck you mark'd the circling years,
On sacred plumes (9) this solemn vow express'd,
To heav'n and me alternately address'd, 160
That, ere the splendid ruler of the day
Could close the circuit of his annual way,
A quick return, if life indulg'd desire,
Should prove the witness of your faithful fire—
Give willing WALLIS to his OBRA's arms,
For OBRA then had empire, and had charms!
Pour at her feet—fond tribute of his heart!
The richest products distant realms impart—
What e'er for use, or ornament design'd,
What decks the person, or delights the mind, 170
Should, here transplanted, own his fost'ring hand,
Bloom all around, and bless the lovely land.

Where now are all these flatt'ring prospects fled ?
Where the fond hopes, that once my fancy led ?
Where the kind looks ? the sympathetic tears ?
The soothing vows that calm'd my rising fears ?
The promis'd gifts, to dissipate despair ?
Baits to entice ! and springes to ensnare !——
My captive heart, still struggling to be free,
Strives—but in vain, to fly from love and thee, 180
Yet oft resigns, sublimer thoughts to raise,
Lost in reflection's solitary maze :
As in the Tube, (10) which lifts the gazing eye
Beyond the regions of the solar sky,
The ravish'd sense, where worlds superior reign,
Mounts, and expatiates o'er th' ethereal plain :
With equal zeal, to foreign coasts and climes,
To diff'rent empires, and to distant times,
Thy dear description, oft, my mem'ry draws,
And paints the wonders of creation's laws ; 190
But, chiefly fix'd, my fondest thoughts abide,
Where subject seas display BRITANNIA'S pride,
Where hardy chiefs, on arduous actions bent,
Contemn, like thee, the limits of content,

Till

Till, by the tempest of ambition hurl'd,
They live, or die—the sov'reigns of the world. (11)

Ev'n now their haughty standards I survey
Rear'd in this isle, as ensigns of their sway;
Each dark recess, excursive they explore,
Search the deep vale, or coast the coral shore, 200
Mount the rough rocks, with herbs fantastic spread,
And dare disclose the MORAIS of the dead:
Nor earth alone,—the starry heights they trace,
And watch the planets in their fond embrace,
Whose blifs connubial, in th' eclipse's shade, (12)
Their impious eyes with prying tubes pervade,
Till secret Nature, pierc'd by mortal sight,
A captive yields, and blushes into light.

Say, to what tend these forward views, that raise
Presumptuous mortals to their Maker's ways? 210
To what can arts, or indust'ry aspire?
What proud ambition's utmost aims desire?
But cheerful ease, that wants nor toil, nor skill,
The sun can give it, and the cooling rill,

Prolific

Prolific Earth the balmy blessing shows
 In fruit-clad hills, and valleys of repose,
 Such as, in pomp of vary'd dies, display
 This beauteous island to the beams of day—
 Such as, perennial, charm the loit'ring swain
 On MAT'VAI's banks, or sweet PAPARRA's plain ; 220
 Ah ! blifsful feats of innocence and ease !
 Ere pride-born commerce taught its pow'r to please—
 Ere wants created kindled new desires—
 Ere tend'rest passions felt consuming fires ;
 Yes, WALLIS ! yes, this last—this worst of woes
 From boasted Europe's baneful commerce flows,
 Some vagrant chief, of ever hateful name,
 Approach'd our isle, and spread the wasting flame, (13)
 Thro' ev'ry nerve th' infectious terrors rove,
 Sap the shrunk frame, and taint each source of love : 230
 Ah ! whence this pest, that confidence destroys,
 And prostrate lays life's dear domestic joys ?——
 Whence the dire change ? ye unsuspecting fair !
 Your blooms a desert ! and your blifs despair ?
 Whence—but enough, my chiding thoughts be still !
 Some foreign hand should heal each foreign ill ;

Hope

Hope flies to thee ; thy guidance to implore,
I send TUPIA to the British shore—
Send, but in vain,—alas his hapless end !
Lost was my statesman, counsellor, and friend— 240
Lost, ere he knew, for knowledge was his aim,
What tempted Britons tropic isles to claim (14)—
Lost, ere he learn'd their language, or their laws,
And died a Patriot in his country's cause :
Lo! next OMIAH dares the task pursue,
And bears this fond commission to thy view,
Asks, and entreats in OBRA's injur'd name,
Thy wish'd for presence to restore her fame,
Her haughty foes, her subjects' fears remove,
And share, at once, her empire and her love. 250

Canst thou forget, how cheerful, how content,
TAHEITEE's sons their days of pleasure spent !
With rising morn they fought the healthful stream,
And walk'd, or work'd, till noon-tide's sultry beam,
Then social join'd, from vain distinctions free,
In mirth convivial, round the spreading tree,

While

While tuneful flutes, and warbling wood-notes near,
 In rival strains still charm'd the list'ning ear :
 At grateful eve they mix'd, with harmless zeal,
 The jest, the dance, the vegetable meal, 260
 Paid the last visit at some fountain's head,
 To cleanse, and cool them for the peaceful bed,
 Deem'd the bright sun declin'd for them alone,
 These isles the world, and all the world their own.

Say thou, whose judgment diff'rent nations boast,
 From cultur'd BRITAIN to this friendly coast,
 What lovelier climes more pleasing fruits afford
 Than this, of all thy piercing eye explor'd ?
 Where can the bread fruit sweeter pulp produce ?
 Where richer cocoas more delicious juice ? 270
 Where finer robes of mulb'ry rinds (15) are worn ?
 Where fairer virgins than these robes adorn ?—
 Where smiles the land, where fewer ills assail ?
 Where fewer fears, or passions can prevail ?
 No serpents here their poison'd volumes wreath,
 No tainted gales with fell diseases breathe,

No

No varying arts, to multiply desires,
No av'rice chills, and no ambition fires,
Each blessing granted, as our wishes rise,
We live, and love—the fav'rites of the skies, 280
While kind ETUAS (16) watchful still preside,
And nature's tasks th' aerial bands divide,
Some o'er the sea control the tempest's roar,
Impel the tides, or shove them from the shore;
Some o'er the land exert their genial pow'rs,
Deck the bright year, or guide the fleeting hours,
With lib'ral hand, dispense profusion round,
With fragrant breath, perfume the fertile ground,
Gild the gay groves, with fruits' refreshing cheer,
Nor ask from toil the products of the year, 290
And pleas'd, or anger'd, as the work they find,
In rain-bows smile, or murmur in the wind.

Hence favor'd man, with ev'ry good supply'd,
Health in his look, and plenty at his side,
His only toil, amidst the forests free,
To point the pearl-hook (17), fell the stubborn tree;

Or watch the swift Bonetas, as they glide,
 Launch the canoe, and chace them with the tide :
 His manly mirth too, on the beach retir'd
 Oft hast thou seen, and seeing still admir'd— 300
 Lo ! now he mounts, tho' surf-swoll'n billows rave—
 Now sinks beneath, and wantons with the wave ;
 Or, strains the bow-string, conscious of his might,
 And smiling views the distant arrow's flight (18) ;
 No obvious mark directs his level aim—
 No life his object—no revenge his shame—(19)
 Let distant climes the daring chief admire,
 Who sports with life, and bids it quick expire—
 Dreads no resentment from Almighty sway—
 Or impious braves it in the face of day, 310
 Tho' awful conscience scare his forfeit rest,
 The purple crime still blaz'ning in his breast—
 Sets in his view—a yet unconquer'd foe—
 A widow's anguish—or an orphan's woe—
 Or some sad lover's last upbraiding sigh,
 Who wretched finds no refuge—but to die.

Ah!

Ah! WALLIS, haste, should yet that name remain
To crown my hopes, and prove my fears are vain!
Haste from the Land, where Arts engender strife,
And not an art, but rears some foe to life ;— 320
What joys can there ingenuous freedom boast,
Where fatal fashions spread from coast to coast?
Where cultur'd commerce, as it shoots on high,
But opes new wants it never can supply,
Or, grown luxuriant o'er the gloomy soil,
Sinks by its weight, or tempts the rage of spoil;
Else, if the hist'ry of thy realms be true,
Whence the vicissitudes describ'd by you?
Why arts have flourish'd—why have arts decay'd,
As faithless fortune flatter'd, or betray'd? 330
Why war's wide-wasting revolution hurl'd
The feat of empire, round the ravag'd world?
Why the fierce North a gen'ral chaos spread,
That swept all Europe as the ruin sped?
Each rising virtue perish'd in it's bloom,
Each splendid science shar'd the dreadful doom,
While desolation, dark'ning all behind,
Drew down oblivion's curtain o'er the mind,

Involv'd each glorious character of fame,
 And, scarcely, left a record or a name, 340
 Till struggling time compos'd his frighted form,
 And glean'd the scatter'd relics of the storm,
 Reviving rays in great COLUMBUS shone—
 New worlds appear'd, and empires—now their own.

These awful scenes, depicted to my view,
 (And fame, O WALLIS! proves the painting true,)
 Oft to my mind some dreadful change present—
 Some distant danger, or some dire event—
 Some gath'ring tempest, black'ning from afar—
 Some bursting rage of desolating war :— 350
 Ah! shall this isle, so late admir'd by thee,
 To plenty sacred, and to pleasure free—
 This land, where peace diffus'd it's hallow'd pow'r,
 Where social virtues cheer'd each passing hour,
 A barren waste—a lifeless scene appear,
 By rapine plunder'd, or enslav'd by fear?
 Some tyrant's conquest, or some pirate's spoil?
 It's native blessings banish'd from the soil!—

Ah!

Ah! shall its sons, to seek fictitious wealth,
For lordly masters lose their florid health? 360
For glitt'ring ore, that ever useless shines,
Shun the bright day, and sink in dismal mines?
Or, bent to burdens, on the surface go,
Inur'd to all the discipline of woe—
Forbid it thou great TANE, ever blest!
If e'er my wishes reach'd thy pitying breast,
If e'er a suppliant won thy friendly care,
Oh! spare my country, mighty TANE, spare!
Ere ills, like these, o'er native rights prevail,
Dart the keen lightning at each daring fail, 370
Bid the loud tempest rouse the whelming wave,
And not a foe the surging fury save:
Or far remove (20), if vengeance be forgot,
These INJUR'D ISLES to some sequester'd spot,
Some placid corner of the boundless main,
Unmark'd by science, unexplor'd by gain,
Where Nature, still, her empire safe may hold
From foreign commerce confidence and gold.
From foreign arts—from all that's foreign free—
Save WALLIS only—if approv'd by Thee. 380

Yes,

Yes, WALLIS, yes, from thee no fears alarm,
 Whose highest rage submission could disarm—
 Well do my thoughts recal that awful hour,
 When first we felt, and trembled at thy pow'r,
 Some dreadful Demon, with an hostile band,
 We fear'd thee sent to desolate our land,
 What could, alas ! defenceless troops inspire ?
 What check the fury of destructive fire ?
 Repell'd, confounded, Patriot valour fled, (21)
 As all around the rapid ruin sped ;
 'Till, first in mercy, as the first in sway,
 Your pity spar'd what pow'r could take away,
 Resistance conquer'd saw resentment cease,
 And war's black horrors brighten into peace ;
 'Twas then, to meet thee on the crowded shore,
 The verdant plantain (22) in my hand I bore,
 In due obeisance, half my bosom bar'd, (23),
 And found respect by mutual rites rever'd,
 A kindling zeal, ere complaisance began,
 And all the hero soft'ning in the man :
 Pleas'd with the manners of my mighty guest,
 I fearless led thee to the social feast,

390

400

Where

Where palm-spread sheds, on stately pillars, stood
Midst cooling shades, and vistas of the wood,
Each op'ning front drew fragrance from the air,
You gaz'd—you vow'd a paradise was there—
Smil'd as the cocoa, soothing to the soul,
Pour'd the sweet bev'rage (24) from it's native bowl,
Or, vary'd viands op'd their grateful store,
Fruits from the grove, and fishes from the shore, 410
New wonder rose, when rang'd around for thee,
Attendant virgins danc'd the TIMRODEE,
And vocal bards (25), the pleasure to prolong,
Sung the bold deeds, and heroes of their song,
But chiefly thee, thy vict'ry, and thy praise—
The noblest subject of their simple lays,
Till the tir'd sun, on western waves repos'd,
Dismiss'd the ev'ning, and the HEIVA (26) clos'd.

If native pleasures, simply thus supply'd,
Disclaim the arts that minister to pride, 420
What tempts thee, wand'ring with the faithless main,
To barter ease, for perils and for pain?

Does

Does churlish nature stint thy parent soil?
 Does wealth superfluous prompt to wanton spoil?
 Do restless longings, for a deathless name,
 Glow in thy breast, and animate thy frame?—
 Vain is each wish that flatt'ring hope inspires,
 If in the toil, the taste for joy expires,
 If unrestrain'd we urge the wayward mind,
 Without a glance on wasting time behind; 439
 Year following year, and day succeeding day,
 Relentless drive life's boasted bliss away,
 From beauty banish love's attracting die,
 Youth from the cheek, and radiance from the eye,
 Each pleasing passion of the soul subdue—
 Such as thy OBRA felt—still feels for you—
 Ev'n this, O WALLIS, must that pow'r obey,
 That strikes unseen, and strengthens with delay,
 That pride-plum'd conquest strips of all it's fame,
 Nor leaves recording pyramids (27) a name. 440

When such the lot of life's too transient state,
 Canst thou still tempt each precipice of fate?

Canst

Canst thou delight, from peaceful pleasures fled,
 In out-cast realms, where Nature's horrors spread?
 Where bleak FUEGO rears it's barren coast—
 Where savage ZEALAND pours its hideous host—
 Or onward still, where, parted from the night,
 The Polar day prolongs it's cheerless light;
 There drifted ice-lands (27) dim the weary'd eye—
 There fogs eternal wrap the languid sky—
 There whirling sea-spouts, (28) formidably proud,
 Dart from beneath, and chace the flying cloud;
 Or fierce Tornados, bursting thro' the air,
 Rend the wild waves, and spread around despair:
 Ah! WALLIS, haste,—the dreadful regions shun,
 Where dismal deaths in dark disguises run,
 Where fancy'd lands, remov'd from ev'ry joy,
 If found deceive us—if possess'd destroy;
 Here shalt thou find each solace of thy woes
 That man can ask—if what to ask he knows;
 Here in thy fav'rite, fond TAHEITEE, still
 It's sons obsequious, and it's laws thy will;
 Thy faithful OBRA, aided by thy hand,
 Again shall rise, the empress of the land,

450

460

H

Her

Her awe-struck foes, to shun impending ire,
Quick to the mountain's silent gloom retire ;
Or prostrate—penitent—their deeds deplore,
Her wrongs redress, her regal rights restore,
Till, smiling peace thro' ev'ry region seen,
She rules triumphant, and expires a queen. 440

F I N I S

THE
ŒCONOMIST:
IN IMITATION
OF THE
ELEVENTH SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL:
A POEM.

IF

His

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THE
ECONOMIST.

— *è cælo descendit γῖᾱθι σῑαυῖον.*

IF TISDAL dine with elegance, we name
His taste with honor; but if Bufo, blame—
Bufo! the butt and bye-word of the day,
Whose follies flourish as his funds decay!
See! tho' his limbs sufficient strength afford
To point a cannon, or to wield a sword,
Bent but to arts that modern coxcombs try,
He mounts, and drives the chariot of the sky,
With brandish'd arm, and threat'ning brow appears,
Turns to an inch, and triumphs in your fears, 10
Or

Or headlong on thro' crowded streets he flies,
 (Here the Lord Mayor no remedy supplies,)
 While baffled creditors in vain pursue,
 Or haste to fet the tavern, or the stew.

Others observe, once opulent, as vain,
 Thro' sinking credit to the shambles strain,
 Wretches! who, still, to one lov'd passion prone,
 Plunge on, and live for appetite alone;
 No timely thoughts these epicures annoy,
 Tho' ruin gape, just ready to destroy! 20
 Onward they drive, each element explore,
 Out-run their income, yet indulge the more;
 In vain, expence obtrudes opposing fears,
 Expence but animates and price endears——
 Talk'st thou of price? it proves superior merit,
 Exalts their pride, and dignifies their spirit;
 Hence all the ill's that ruin'd fortunes wait,
 Dropp'd is the equipage, and pawn'd the plate,
 The naked walls their painted pride behold
 Sunk at a feast, or at an auction fold, 30

Till

Till lux'ry, humbled to the vulgar stint,
Pine in the Marshals', or implore in PRINT.

Much then it weighs, who live at high expence?
In some 'tis splendor, others vain pretence,
In rich Latouche it challenges applause,
On bankrupt M — — ev'ry censure draws—
Shame to the man! tho' blazon'd by a star,
Who knows the WOLGA's wider than the VAR,
Yet knows not truths, where ignorance is worse—
How much a chest is deeper than a purse! 40
Or knowing, scorns the difference to attend,
Consults no medium, and regards no end;
That best of maxims, KNOW-THYSELF, first giv'n
To humble pride, and raise the thoughts to HEAV'N,
Should still be present, ev'ry purpose guide,
Whether to lead a senate, or a bride,
To please in private, or in public shine,
Or this deny'd, thy wishes to confine;
Ere thou a cause of consequence debate,
Turn inward first, and there thy talents rate, 50

Art

Art thou a BURGH, with eloquence endow'd?
 Or but Sir Bull-head, ignorant and loud?
 This rule attended guides discretion far,
 And serves as well at market as the bar,
 Should Bret allure, or Turbot take thine eye,
 When in thy purse but Hake or Herrings lie?
 Should Hock or Hermitage excite desire,
 When home-brew'd bev'rage should subdue thy fire?
 What canst thou hope, when gath'ring woes assail,
 Thy throat expanding as thy pockets fail? 60
 Lands, chattels, houses, income and estate,
 All wreck'd, and swallow'd in that gulph of fate!
 All but the title! This compassion wins,
 When poor Sir HARRY (1) serves in foreign inns,
 Still to the bottle, spite of ruin true,
 A short and merry life was all his view,
 What joys for rakes in sapless age are stor'd?—
 They dread it more than pistols or a sword,

From partial views a wider range survey,
 And downward trace these meteors of a day,

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Large sums are lavish'd, which the lenders see
 Adorn a dome, or roll a vis-a-vis,
 With flaring pomp each public street invade,
 Or seek soft pleasures, in a villa's shade—
 The prospect darkens! borrow'd lustre dies!
 Pale credit trembles! and the debtor flies!
 Hence to the BAY, from mortgages and law,
 Without a blush these prodigals withdraw,
 Dublin to fly, where bills and beggars shock,
 Is but retreat from DAME-STREET to the ROCK, 80
 Is but to change, as shifting fashions veer,
 Gross Irish air for wholesome Mount-Peljer;
 No other griefs these fugitives attend,
 Than not to see the session at an end,
 Than not to meet a pension, or a place,
 This, only this, drives redness from the face,
 Who now expects from *Modesty* restraints?—
 She fled long since with *Senachies* (2) and *Saints*.

Come now, dear John! a diff'rent scene attend,
 And judge by facts the tenets of thy friend, 90

I

Who

Who claims no credit to these specious lines,
 Should dainties shew the glutton when he dines;
 This day, which thee, my promis'd guest, requires,
 Shall prove the mirror of our ancient fires,
 Old feasts and fashions to our mind shall bring,
 Thy host an HENRY (3), thou an Irish king—
Breffney's bold chief, or, he of higher fame,
 The last great monarch of *Milesian* name,
 Souls! that in long to time's first æras run,
 Trac'd to the Flood, or blended with the Sun (4). 100

Thus then prepar'd, behold thy bill of fare,
 A simple course, that needs but little care!
 First a neat joint, thy appetite to charm,
 Of choicest mutton from a Wicklow farm,
 Juicy and white! with garden-roots around,
 Not from the market, but a neighb'ring ground;
 Next shall appear, thy nicer taste to try,
 The tend'rest fowl the season can supply,
 While the fair mistress of the board provides
 Some sweet appendage, to adorn its sides: 110

Here,

Here, too, in honour of the fruitful year,
 Shall clust'ring nuts and bergamots appear,
 Apples, that dare with those from Gallia vie,
 Rich to the taste! and tempting to the eye!
 Fear not a risk from unripe juices run,
 The winter coming, and the cold begun.

Once, such a meal would senators rejoice,
 When humble senates heard a people's voice,
 When no false honours lur'd a patriot band,
 Nor lux'ry sapp'd, nor av'rice fold the land;
 To foreign pride GELASIUS (5) scorn'd to bow,
 Yet din'd on milk, and travell'd with his cow,
 With us the lowest, when from labour free,
 Haste to regale on whiskey, or on tea.

On festive days, then, gossips would prepare
 A steak, or rasher, as the nicest fare,
 When seated round a social Group was seen,
 Below, the Fostress, and above, the Queen,
 The Prince and Peasant at one common board,
 And the poor tenant seated with his lord (6),

130

Yet due respect, with confidence, was there,
 The Follower's friendship, and the Patron's care,
 Mirth, that unaw'd a ready passage found,
 The heart still op'ning as the cup went round,
 While love, or war, in animated lays,
 The harp would soften, or the bard would raise;
 Hither the vet'ran, honor'd and admir'd,
 (Tho' long from councils, and from camps retir'd,)
 Would early haste, his ev'ning hour prolong,
 Trace back his fame, and triumph in the song— 140
 Fame! that each breast to kindred-glory sway'd,
 And rul'd, alike, the sceptre and the spade.

When scenes like these, of social pleasures vain,
 Past the strict bounds, which prudence should maintain,
 'Twas, DERMOD! (7) thine, with salutary awe,
 To combat custom, in defence of law,
 And, nobly daring with a Roman's fire,
 To raise the sov'reign, and suppress the fire;
 Succeeding chiefs, whom patriot virtue sings,
 Momonian heroes, and Ultonian (8) kings, 150

BRIANS!

BRIANS! and NIALS! taught by thee supplied,
 In rigid character, (9) what pomp deny'd;
 No vain expence then hung the room of state,
 Enrich'd the Sopha, or emboss'd the plate,
 Plain, as their food, the modest mansion stood,
 Its roof of rushes, and its frame of wood,
 What e'er the artist's elegance design'd,
 Serv'd but to prompt some virtue of the mind,
 The tap'stry'd wall the lifted knight display'd,
 The vanquish'd giant, and the rescu'd maid;
 The spacious hall would manly sports adorn,
 With spreading antlers of the Moose-Deer horn,
 Whose monstrous size, for such were often found,
 Amus'd the rusticks, as they gaz'd around;
 E'en the rough foldier, when he sack'd a town,
 Shar'd in the plunder—but to gild renown;
 The antique cup, regardless whence it came,
 He broke, and melted for an Helmet's frame,
 Whose sculptur'd front might shew, in awful form,
 The rival Brothers (10) landing in a storm,
 Or the first Saint, who rear'd, by Heav'n's command,
 The christian banner to illume the land;

Such

Such figures, (33) pendent o'er the prostrate foe,
 Would add new terror to the destin'd blow :—
 Thus shone, refulgent o'er th' embattled field,
 The golden head-piece, and the silver shield,
 While the plain platter—envy if you can,
 At home regal'd each hospitable man.

'Twas then Religion's animating pow'r
 Her sons instructed to erect the tow'r, (11)
 Whose lofty summit, when the Dane was seen,
 Shot a bright blaze, and rous'd the neighb'ring green,
 From hill to hill, the flaming signal flew,
 And instant armies to the combat drew :
 Yet not in arms, nor edifice of stone,
 IERNE plac'd her confidence alone,
 Visions were seen, predictions fill'd the land,
 And deeds immortal (12) prov'd a God at hand :
 Such favours, once, would Providence impart,
 Ere gold dislodg'd its influence from the heart—
 Such wonders shew, the *Isle of Saints* to save—
 Its women *virtuous*, as its men were *brave*.

Then,

Then, too, the Genius of the wood was nigh,
(For woods then hung not on a card or die,)
With op'ning glades the mansion would adorn,
Sigh to the breeze, or echo to the horn—
Haply some oak, when levell'd by the wind,
Serv'd ev'ry end domestic use design'd—
What rich man now, since English honours rose,
But leaves his feat to cottiers, and to crows, 200
Flies to the court—recall him if you can—
And suits his taste to China or Japan;
Behold his board! what splendid prospects shine,
When the pall'd appetite no more can dine!
What temples rise to gild the solemn gloom!
You think PALMYRA in his lordship's room—
Enough! if *there* he sees the sylvan scene,
The vista'd arbour, and the velvet green,
From lux'ry's chair can vary'd pleasures trace,
And view, at once, the ven'fon and the chace: 210
Hope not from me, my friend! these toys of state,
The blush of roses, or the blaze of plate,
The grand epargne, that holds some new decoy—
Sweets to deceive, or seas'nings to destroy;

Expencc

Expence, like this, let wealthy tables bear,
 Mine shall present you, but, with homely fare,
 Tho' cheaply bought each article is good,
 Of delft my dishes, and my knives of wood—
 What tho' the blades no brilliant hafts display,
 The iv'ry's polish, nor the agate's ray, 220
 Can these to food one excellence impart,
 Edge the dull taste, or elevate the heart?
 What sense disowns, tho' fashion may admire,
 Nor I exhibit, nor can you desire.

Others in foreign elegance may vie,
 Mine be the pride that native arts supply—
 Here shall no slave from GUINEA, or from GAUL,
 Arrange my glasses, or attend my hall;
 What'er you want, plain English must employ
 Two country youths, my butler and a boy— 230
 To grace the day, with more than common care,
 They deck their persons, and adjust their hair—
 Not like the Lackeys, who, in powder'd state,
 Assume themselves th' importance of the great;

Behind

Behind a coach who take their haughty stand,
 Bags to their hair, and Bamboos in their hand :—
 With modest looks, which innocence endears,
 The younger claims indulgence from his years,
 Who, sometimes, sighs, and wishes to regain
 The festive hamlet, and the flow'ry plain, 240
 Where, oft, he wanton'd on the very ground,
 That gave the cider which he helps around—
 His simple manners may escape thy frown,
 But ah ! what saves his morals from the town ?

Hope not, beneath my humble roof, to find
 The modish scenes that dissipate the mind ;
 Too small my parlour concerts to contain—
 Too small for eunuchs, and their warbling train ;
 Grandeur, with these now quite familiar grown,
 Makes the gay taste of ITALY its own, 250
 And, too refin'd to heed the censuring throng,
 Ufurps the stage, and gives you—but a song.

In coarser joys the sensual may delight,
 The sharper gamble, and the drunkard fight,

The rake, whom wine, and ignorance insnare,
 Give toasts too lewd for decency to bear;
 Such feats, when fortune sanctifies a name,
 As mirth we palliate, or as wit proclaim.

With us, far diff'rent shall elapse the time,
 Whose station claims no sanction for a crime— 260
 Far diff'rent thoughts the festive hour employ—
 What native rights our country should enjoy?
 What bold assertors of these rights remain,
 Unaw'd by greatness, and unbrib'd by gain?
 What new production of the passing day
 Delights like GOLDSMITH, or desponds like GRAY?
 Whether more pleasure, in its flight, pursues
 A MILTON's seraph, or a SHAKESPEARE's muse?—
 How vain such merit to compare, or scan!
 Perhaps more vain to hope again from man! 270

Come then, my friend! relax thy studious brows,
 And take the leisure which the day allows,
 Behind thee leave thy clients, and their cause,
 Adult'ries, poisons, witnesses and laws,

Each

Each anxious thought that int'rest can recal,
 Thy briefs unnoted, or thy fees too small—
 Bring not to me the griefs your bosom bears,
 Unkind acquaintance, or domestic cares,
 Your servants' revels, when from home you dine,
 The mischief done your pantry and your wine— 280
 Bring not—but hark ! I hear the signal-gun
 Salute the gen'ral !—the Review's begun !
 What numbers gather ! what a crowded scene !
 Excuse the phrase—all DUBLIN's in the green ! (13)
 I hear a shout that, bursting on my ears,
 Swells the loud praises of our VOLUNTEERS !
 Who, round great NASSAU's statue as they stand,
 Bear, like himself, deliv'rance to the land ;
 If less exact, in discipline this day,
 Who fight for honour than who fight for pay, 290
 What silent fears would damp the solemn show !
 Fears ! such as, once, alarm'd us with THURO'—
 Now let the gay, the ardent and the young
 Press for a place and bustle thro' the throng,
 While we, less fit to wait upon the Fair,
 Indulge our ease, and shun the nipping air ;

Our dinner ready, as the clock strikes four,

Prolongs our eve, and gives a bottle more ;

This often practis'd, would the end destroy—

Sweets, the less frequent, yield the purer joy.

300

F I N I S.

THE
R E V I V A L;
AN
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FOR
ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

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O D E &c.

I.

'T WAS where IERNE's northern coast

Retires within a shelt'ring bay(1),

Where WILLIAM once, with warlike host,

Debark'd, and dar'd a Tyrant's fway:

There, pining still for freedom's aid,

The island's GENIUS often stray'd,

'Till long distrest

She sunk oppress'd,

As foes alarm'd, or friends betray'd.

II Behold!

THE REVIVAL,

II.

Behold! a Heav'nly form appears,
 Descending to the hallow'd place!
 Displaying tints of golden years,
 And sceptred with majestic grace!
 The GODDESS fees—oh Fate unkind!
 A fav'rite stretch'd beneath the wind!
 She feels the cares
 Her bosom bears,
 And thus, indignant, spoke her mind.

III.

" Awake, IERNE! burst the bands
 " Of hard oppression's haughty reign,
 " That thus confine thy guiltless hands,
 " And bend thy talents to the plain:
 " Too long dejected, and forlorn!
 " Too long from ev'ry blessing torn!
 " Awake, and see
 " Fair LIBERTY
 " On Cherub-wings to cheer thee borne.

IV. " Hast

IV.

- “ Haft thou not known our spirits join
“ When BRIAN chas'd (2) the routed DANE?
“ Haft thou not known me at the BOYNE,
“ When bigots blind prepar'd thy chain?—
“ Thy down-cast look, and dewy eye
“ The kindred themes too well apply!
“ But check despair,
“ Thou injur'd fair!
“ And hear glad tidings from on high,

V.

- “ Thy gallant fons by duty led
“ In radiant files shall round thee rise,
“ Aloft their streaming banners spread,
“ And give thy image to the skies:
“ Thy faithful ZEPHYRS shall afar
“ In triumph waft the sounds of war,—
“ Thy patriot fire
“ The world admire!—
“ In EUROPE's sphere a new-born star.

VI.

- “ The daring *Gaul* shall distant hear,
 “ And drop the menace of a foe,
 “ Relenting *BRITAIN* chang’d appear
 “ From all the pride that caus’d thy woe:
 “ Nor *Gallic* foe, nor *British* pride,
 “ With laws, or legions at their side,
 “ Shall e’er subdue
 “ The chosen few,
 “ Whom conscious worth, and valour guide.

VII.

- “ The wounds, which once the *Myfan* bore,
 “ The spear that gave could only cure,
 “ But happier thou (—then grieve no more !)
 “ Thy own shalt heal, and health ensure ;
 “ Hence shall thy skill, with ample room,
 “ Spread the rich texture of the loom—
 “ Again defy
 “ A rival’s eye,
 “ Nor dread *ARACHNE*’s rigid doom.

VIII. “ Thy

VIII. -

- " Thy joyless fields no more shall fear,
 " Like miser's hoards, th' industrious hand,
 " But ope their treasures to the year,
 " While arts and arms adorn the land;
 " Thy commerce, too, shall wing its way
 " Where PHOEBUS gilds th' extremes of day,
 " But ah! beware
 " Of LUX'RY there!—
 " That CIRCE lures but to betray.

IX.

Woe-worn, wan, IERNE rais'd
 Her torpid frame, and half-clos'd eye,
 The vision aw'd, the voice amaz'd,
 And doubts and fears oppos'd reply:
 A linen robe her limbs confin'd,
 To guard her from the northern wind;
 Beside her hung
 Her harp unstrung,
 And tyrant-bonds that broke her mind.

X.

With grief and rage at once possest,
 The GODDESS blew the Trump of FAME,
 That late resounded in the West,
 And set the *Atlantic* world in flame :
 Mark ! the quick'ning voice inspires
 New-sprung hopes, and high desires,—
 A genial smile,
 Illumes the isle,
 And Æther glows with purer Fires.

XI.

IERNE felt her alter'd state,
 And wonder'd at the mighty change,
 Saw wisest senates in debate,
 And thronging heroes round her range :
 The magic scene her suff'rings charm'd,
 Her strength encreas'd, her spirits warm'd,
 With sudden bound,
 Like PALLAS crown'd,
 She springs, and stands completely arm'd.

XII. Her

XII.

Her splendid form, her *martial* air

The GODDESS hail'd, nor hail'd in vain,

“ Thrice welcome thus! reviving fair!

“ To guard, and grace thy native plain.

“ Behold! in Heav'n's surrounding bow,

“ From weeping clouds what colours flow!

“ So pure, so bright,

“ From sorrow's height

“ Thy beauties beam, thy virtues glow.

XIII.

“ Soon shall thy sea-born sister hear

“ Thy rising strength, and young renown,

“ No jealous cares shall more appear,

“ No fordid views affection drown:

“ What! tho' a watchful dragon (3) lies

“ Between thy claims, and royal eyes!

“ When honor calls,

“ The monster falls!—

“ At once be steady, and be wise.

XIV. Already

XIV.

- " Already much to THEE is giv'n,
 " (Thy great afflictions have an end—)
 " The *rest* may flow from fav'ring heav'n—
 " Still let thy hopes on heav'n depend !
 " So shall each free-born bliss be thine,
 " Tho' friends should change, or foes combine !
 " So shall thy name,
 " Restor'd to fame,
 " In hist'ry's fairest volume shine.

XV.

- " Then take thy harp, with tuneful hand,
 " And touch its softest, sweetest lays,
 " Or blend the dulcet with the grand,
 " When FREEDOM swells the peal of praise.
 Hark ! what Raptures wake the Lyre !—
 Hark ! the bursts of martial fire !—
 From Fate's restraint
 IERNE'S *saint*
 Arose, and hail'd the glorious Quire.

F I N I S.

NOTES

TO THE

ACADEMICK SPORTSMAN.

(1) PAGE 18, l. 333, *And thee dear village,]* Tipperary.

(2) Ibid. l. 334. *But I can't in rhyme,]*

Mansuri oppidulo, quod versu dicere non est

HOR SAT. V. 87.

(3) Ibid. l. 344, *The cold provisions on the cakes of bread.]*

————— Adorea liba per herbam

Subjiciunt epulis, &c,

VIR. ÆN. VII. 109.

(4) Ibid. l. 348. *The plates themselves.]*

————— Malisq, audacibus orbem

Fatalis crusti, patulis nec parere quadris ;

Heus ! etiam mensas consumimus inquit Iulus. Ibid.

(5) P. 19. l. 357. *Where Dublin's boasted square.]* Stephen's Green.

NOTES

N O T E S
TO THE
INJURED ISLANDERS.

(1) PAGE 30. l. 62. *Tomou.*] Human hair plaited, in which they stick flowers of various kinds, particularly the (Gardenia) Cape Jessamine

(2) Ibid. l. 68. *My bumble off' rings, &c.*] "She complained to the Lieutenant that she was poor (*teètee*) and had not a hog to give her friends." Forster, vol. I.

(3) P. 31. l. 71. *The crimson plumes.*] Red feathers are highly valued at O'Tahcite.

(4) Ibid. l. 86. *A rival chief &c.*] Sovereign of the lesser, or south-east peninsula of the Island: for an account of this war, see Forster, vol. II,

(5) P. 32. l. 90. *The stern mountain frowns &c.*] The Mountains always afford them refuge from impending danger, till the rage of the conqueror which is violent, but not lasting, has subsided.

(6) Page.

(6) P. 32. l. 103. *Tane's wife decrees, &c.*] A son of their supreme Deities, whom they suppose to take a greater part in the affairs of mankind. See Hawkf. Voyages, vol. II.

(7) Ibid. l. 108. *What fleets tremendous, &c.*] The fleet here alluded to was intended against the Island of Eimeo, whose chief had revolted: it consisted of 159 great double canoes of war, from 50 to 90 feet long between stem and stern, besides 70 smaller ones, &c. &c. and yet was only the naval force of a single district. Hence it appears how much they must have been indebted to European tools and models in this respect, since Captain Wallis's discovery of the Island, when no such armaments could be seen. See Forster, vol. II.

(8) P. 35. l. 153. *Shark-tooth' wounds, &c.*] It is a general custom with them in transient, or affected grief, to strike a shark's tooth into their head, till it is covered with blood. See Hawkf. vol. I.

(9) Ibid, l. 159. *On sacred Plumes.*] A solemn affirmation, or oath, is made upon a tuft of yellow feathers: for a curious instance see Forster, vol. I. They are also made use of by the natives to fix their attention while they pray to the Deity.

(10) P. 36. l. 183. *As in the tube.*] "After the observation (of an Eclipse of the Sun) was taken, I went to the Queen's house, and shewed her the Telescope, &c. as the objects by turns vanished and re-appeared, her

M

countenance

countenance and gestures expressed a mixture of wonder and delight which no language can describe." Hawkf. vol. I.

(11) P. 37. l. 196.—*the Sov'reigns of the world.*] The following extracts will account for the allusions which OBEREA makes to European history, &c. in *this* and a few other passages of the Poem:

"OAMO asked many questions concerning England and its inhabitants, by which he appeared to have great shrewdness and understanding." Hawkf. vol. II.

"We found no great difficulty in making ourselves mutually understood, however strange it may appear in speculation." Ibid.

These remarks are further confirmed by Mr. Forster—"TOWHAN asked us (says he) a variety of questions, chiefly relating to the nature and constitution of the country from whence we came: the information which we gave him, was received with the greatest marks of surprise and attention." Forster, vol. II.

(12) Ibid. l. 205. *Tb' eclipse's shade.*] They believe the stars to be generated between the Sun and Moon, &c. &c. See Journal of a Voyage round the World in his Majesty's ship Endeavour, called Banks's Voyage.

(13) P. 38. l. 228. *The wafting flame.*] The introduction of the Venereal Disease into O'Taheite is imputed to Mr. Bougainville, who arrived there

about

about nine months after the departure of Captain Wallis, See Hawkf. vol, I.

(14) P. 39. l. 242. *Tropic Isles to claim.*] The manner, in which navigators usually take possession of new discovered countries, is no less singular than arrogant; thus when Capt. Wallis arrived at O'Taheite, Mr. Furneux, who first landed, erected a staff, upon which he hoisted a flag, turned a turf, and took possession of the Island in his Majesty's name, in honour of whom he called it King George the Third's Island: he then went to a river, and mixing some of its water with rum, every man drank his Majesty's health. Hawkf. vol, I.

(15) P. 40. l. 271. *Robes of mulb'ry Rinds.*] Their cloth is of three kinds, and it is made of the bark of three different trees; the finest and whitest is made of the Paper Mulberry. See Hawkf. vol. II.

(16) P. 41. l. 281. *Etuas.*] Gods of the second class: for an account of their religion, see Forster, vol. II.

(17) Ibid. l. 296. *Pearl-book.*] Fish-hooks made of mother of Pearl. See Hawkf. vol, II.

(18) P. 42. l. 304. *Arrow's flight.*] Their Bows and Arrows are used only for diversion; and distance, not a Mark, is the Object of Emulation, Ibid.

(19) P. 42. l. 306. *No life his object.*] If we may credit the Journal called Banks's Voyage, a duel was fought at O'Taheite by two officers belonging to the ship, who had been long engaged in a quarrel, which had created much disturbance on board. Ibid.

(20) P. 45. l. 373. *Or far remove.*] " They suppose the earth or main land to be placed at a great distance Eastward, and that their Island was broken off, or separated from it, while the Deity was drawing it about the sea, before he resolved upon it's situation." Banks's Voyage.

(21) P. 46. l. 389. *Patriot valour fled.*] The particulars of this engagement are given by Hawkesworth, vol. I.

(22) Ibid. l. 396. *The verdant Plantain.*] Green branches of trees, particularly of the Plantain, are their symbols of peace.

(23) Ibid. l. 397. *Half my bosom bar'd.*] Lowering the garments, so as to uncover the shoulders, is in this country a mark of respect.

(24) P. 47. l. 408. *Sweet bev'rage.*] For drink they have, in general, nothing but water, or the juice of the cocoa-nut; the art of producing liquors that intoxicate, by fermentation, being happily unknown among them. Hawkf. vol. II.

(25) Ibid. l. 413. *Vocal Bards.*] " We did not expect to have found, in this sequestered spot, a character which has been the subject of such praise
and

and veneration, where genius and knowledge have been most conspicuous: yet these were the Bards or Minstrels of O'Tahcite." Hawkf. vol. II.

(26) P. 47. l. 418. *Heiva.*] A concert or assembly.—It is also a common name for every public exhibition. See the same author, vol. I.

(27) P. 48. l. 440. *Pyramids.*] The principal object of ambition among the Tahitians is to have a magnificent Morai or repository for the dead: OBEREA's, which is raised *Pyramidically* upon a base of 267 feet long, and 87 wide, is the finest piece of Indian architecture in the Island. See Hawkf. vol. II.

(27*) P. 49. l. 449. *Drifted Ice-lands.*] MAHINE, a native of the Society-Isles, who was on board the RESOLUTION, in the high Southern latitudes, *despaired* he said, *of finding belief among his countrymen, when he should come back, to recount the wonders of petrified rain, and perpetual day. Snow, Hail-Showers and Ice, he said, he would call white rain, white stones, and white land.* See Forster, vol. I.

(28) Ibid. l. 451. *Sea spouts.*] For some curious observations upon Water-Spouts, see the same author, vol. I.

N O T E S
TO THE
Æ C O N O M I S T

Page 53. l. 1. *If Tisfal dine with elegance, &c.]*

Atticus eximiè si cœnat, lautus habetur ;

Si Rutilus, demens :—Juv : Sat : 11. L. 1.

P. 54. l. 15. *Others observe, once opulent as vain, &c.]*

Multos porrò vides, quos sæpe elusus ad ipsum

Creditor introitum solet expectare macelli,—L. 9.

P. 55. l. 33. *Much then it weighs, who live at high expence.]*

Refert ergo quis hæc eadem paret.—L. 21.

(1) P. 56. l. 64. —*poor Sir Harry, &c.]* Sir Harry E—n.

Ibid. l. 69. *From partial views a wider range survey, &c.]*

Hi plerumque gradus : conductæ pecunia Romæ

Et coram dominis consumitur :—L. 46.

(4) P.

(2) P. 57. l. 88. *Senachies*—] An Order of Men, set apart for the study of Genealogies; the Gavelkind, or Law of Inheritance requiring an accurate knowledge of Families and their Descents: They had certain lands assigned by the State for their support.

Ibid. l. 89. *Come now, dear Jobn! a different scene attend.*]

Experiēre hodiē numquid pulcherrima dictu,

Perfice, non præstem vitâ, nec moribus, & re; L. 56.

(3) P. 58. l. 96. *Thy Host, an Henry:*] Henry the Second entertained the Irish Chiefs in Dublin, in a twigged Pavilion—a temporary Structure raised with Hurdles after the Irish fashion, there being no building there large enough for the purpose.

(4) Ibid. l. 100. — *blended with the Sun:*] “The Spark of Light, “ which they drew from Phœnicia, was extinguished with the Sun in the Western Ocean.”—*Anonymous.*

Ibid. l. 101. *Thus then prepar'd, behold thy Bill of Fare.*]

Fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis:—L. 64.

P. 59. l. 117. *Once, such a Meal would Senators rejoice.*]

Hæc olim nostri jam luxuriosa senatûs

Cœna fuit:—L. 77.

(5) P. 59. l. 121. *Gelasius scorned to bow,*] Gelasius was Primate of Armagh in the reign of Henry the Second: he did not attend the Synod of the Clergy summoned to meet at Cashel in the name of that king: He was a man of great sanctity, and, in every progress through the kingdom, was constantly attended by a white Cow—a particular favourite, which supplied him with milk, the chief sustenance of this pious Prelate.

See Leland's Hist. of Ireland, V. 1. P. 74.

Ibid. l. 125. *On Festive days, then Gossips would prepare.]*

Moris erat quondam festis servare diebus,

Et natalitium cognatis ponere lardum,—L. 83.

(6) Ibid. l. 130. —*seated with his Lord.]* Great plenty became the source of hospitality, benevolence of popularity, and worthy actions of authority—The higher ranks were strangers to the pride begat by partial converse, and false distance; and the lower owned their dependance without thinking meanly of it.

O'Connor's Diff. on the Hist. of Ireland, P. 97—8.

P. 60. l. 143. *When scenes like these, of Social pleasures vain, &c.]*

Cum tremere autem Fabios, durumque Catonem,—L. 90.

(7) Ibid. l. 145. *'Twas, Dermot! thine, &c.]* This Monarch is celebrated for his attention to strict justice, and the laws of his country, of which we have the following memorable but melancholy instance: his
eldest

eldest son Breafal had invited him, and the chiefs of his court to an entertainment at Kells; a widow in the neighbourhood had a large, fat cow, which was deemed necessary upon this occasion; but she could not be prevailed upon to sell it, tho' a very high price had been offered her; the cow was therefore taken and dressed for the entertainment: in the height of their mirth, this woman forced herself into the Royal Presence, exclaimed against the injury, and deplored her defenceless situation in such pathetic terms, that the Monarch, without waiting to hear his Son's defence, ordered him to be instantly put to death.

O'Halloran's Hist. of Ireland, P. 74.

(8) P. 60. l. 150. *Momonian heroes; &c.*] *Momonian* and *Uthonian* kings in the Hist. of Ireland are synonymous terms for those of *Munster* and *Ulster*.

(9) P. 61. l. 152. — *in rigid character, &c.*] So exact was the police of the famous Brian Boromy, that a beautiful virgin, richly ornamented, travelled thro' a Province, or as some writers assert, thro' the kingdom, with a gold ring on the top of a white wand; yet no attempt was made on her property or honor.

See Warner's Hist. of Ireland, O'Hal. &c.

(10) Ibid. l. 170. *The rival brothers, &c.*] Heber and Heremon, the surviving sons of Milesius, who, after the conquest of the kingdom, divided it between them, by a line drawn from Galway to the Bay of

Dublin: The circumstances of this Invasion shew the singular spirit of the times, and are thus related.

Milefius and his Forces having landed in the West of Ireland, the old Chieftains of the Country sent them Word, that it was contrary to the rules of war to take them thus by surprise, and proposed that they should go back to their ships, and sail out of the Harbour, in which case, if they could make good their second landing, it should be deemed an equitable invasion: with this proposal the Milefians complied, and putting to sea again, suffered dreadful calamities by a storm which suddenly rose, dispersed their Fleet, and destroyed many of their Forces: At length, however, they effected their purpose, and conquered the Damnonii or Danaans who had ruled Ireland 195 Years.

Mac Curtin's Hist. of Ireland, O'Hal. &c.

(33) P. 62. l. 173. *Such figures pendent, &c.*] The commander and other officers had their several Coats of Arms blazoned on their Banners, to distinguish them from each other, and to enable the Antiquaries, who attended them in battle, to judge of their respective merits, of which the Antiquary of each Sept or Family was bound to keep an exact registry, and to present a copy of it at the next Assembly of the States: If the registry was found to be authentic, it was enrolled in the Monarch's book of Royal Records, called the *Psalter of Tara*.

See Mac Curtin's and Warner's Hist. of Ireland.

(11) Ibid. l. 180. — *to erect the Tower.*] Some writers are of opinion, that the Round-Towers of Ireland were antecedent to the time
when

when it was first invaded by the Danes, and were built in imitation of the Eastern *Minarets*, the Irish having had their arts from Phœnicia.

P. 62. l. 179. *'Twas then religion's animating power.]*

Templorum quoque majestas præsentior.—L. III.

(12) Ibid. l. 188. *And deeds immortal, &c.]* It will not, I hope, be unentertaining to such of my Readers as are not acquainted with the characteristic Bravery of the old Irish, to quote here one remarkable Instance of it, which cannot, perhaps, be paralleled in the History of Mankind.

The Dalgais, or famous Militia of South Munster, after their victory over the Danes at the battle of Clontarf, were, from motives of Family resentment, opposed in their return homeward by the King of Offory: Their General Donogh, fired with indignation at the advantage thus ungenerously taken of his reduced forces, which amounted to little more than a tenth part of the Enemy, resolved, notwithstanding, to give battle, and ordered the wounded, who were about a third of his own army, to be removed to a certain distance, with a guard for their protection; but these being informed of his resolution, earnestly besought him, that they might share the honor of the day, and that a sufficient number of Posts should be cut down, and driven into the ground, (for they were encamped near a Wood,) one between every two effective men, that being tied to them as a support, they might present a more enlarged front to their adversaries, while their hands would be at liberty to

annoy them.—Their request was complied with—their wounds filled with mofs, and being made fast to the Posts, they waited in this manner the approach of the Enemy:—The Ossorians, either intimidated by such desperate resolution, or influenced by motives of honor and humanity, declined the combat.

Warner's Hist. of Ireland, O'Halloran, &c.

P. 63. l. 193. *Then, too, the Genius, of the wood was nigh.]*

Ille domi natus, nostrâque ex arbore mensas

Tempora viderunt:—L. 117.

P. 64. l. 225. *Others in foreign elegance may vie,]*

Sed nec structor erit, cui cedere debeat omnis

Pergula.—L. 136.

P. 65. l. 245. *Hope not, beneath my humble roof, to find.]*

Non capit has nugâs humilis domus.—L. 169.

Ibid. 253. In coarser Joys the sensual may delight.]

—— ille fruatur

Vocibus obscœnis.—L. 171.

P. 66. l. 259. *With us, far diff'rent shall elapse the time.]*

Nostra dabunt alios hodie convivia ludos:—L. 177.

P. 66. l. 271. *Come then, my Friend! relax thy studious brows.]*

Sed nunc dilatis averte negotia curis.—L. 181.

(13) P. 67. l. 284. — *all Dublin's in the Green.]* Viz. College-green, where the *Volunteers* used to assemble every 4th of November, in honor of King William's Birth Day.

Totam hodie Romam circus capit.—L. 195.

N O T E S

FOR THE

R E V I V A L.

(1) P. 71. l. 2. — *Sheltring Bay,]* Carrickfergus.

(2) P. 73. l. 2. *Where Brian chas'd, &c.]* At the Battle of Clontarf.

(3) P. 77. l. 14. — *a watchful Dragon, &c.]* 'Poynings' Law—since repealed.

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